

Miscellaneous.

THE MODEL CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. G. REEMAN.

Webster defines a Christian to be "one whose inward and outward life is conformed to the doctrines of Christ." He, therefore, who in the most complete and comprehensive manner exemplifies these doctrines in his life, is a model Christian. The stars differ in glory, and so do men and women. There are stars of different magnitudes, and so there are Christians of very differing magnitudes. While all may possess a certain completeness, all are not models such as we would wish to pattern after. There have been those who were as gentle and loving as Saint John, as heroic and zealous as Saint Paul, as devout as was Baxter, as unwavering as John Knox, and yet they were not models in Christian life and endeavor. Mere goodness, or heroism, or piety, or loyalty, does not necessarily make one a model Christian; it is, rather, the combination of these which makes one a many-sided, completely rounded, and thoroughly-equipped man or woman in Christ Jesus.

Sometimes you find a Christian who seems to be, and is, animated by an inexhaustible love revealing itself in a thousand different ways throughout a long life; and it is said of that person, "What a beautiful Christian character!" It is truly beautiful in all that is thus presented in such a life; but yet it is not a model because some of the necessary qualities of the Christian character do not manifest themselves in this life. Sometimes you see a person who is very devout and zealous in many things—one who is a pattern to all in certain lines of Christian life and activity; and when that person is called to fold his tent and lie down to his long repose, it is said, "What a noble and Christ-like life!" It was such, in a high and an important sense; nevertheless, he was far from being a model Christian in much that must, in the nature of things, constitute such a character. Sometimes by that transformation by which one passes into that state of Christian experience known as entire sanctification, certain marked beauties of life and character are seen projecting themselves to the gaze of men like beautiful water-jets from the pure and living fountain; and it is said, "How beautiful, desirable, and wonderful such a life and character!" And yet even such a character, with all its beauty, richness, and completeness, may not make a model Christian in the true and intended sense of the term. That such ought to be model Christians is true, but experience shows that even those who have attained this high spiritual altitude may be wanting in some of the essential qualities belonging to that rounded character which alone can be presented as a model.

Who, then, is or can be a model Christian? We answer, he who in the completeness adequacy possesses the qualities inseparable from a Christian character. We notice some few of those qualities:—

1. The model Christian must possess that intelligence which, in some adequate measure, will enable him to understand what God would have him be and do in the world. If one is to be a model orator, he must not only possess grace of manner and all that constitutes eloquence of utterance, but he must possess that intelligence which will enable him to treat in an intelligent and adequate manner the theme he discusses. If one is to be a model statesman, he must of necessity be so thoroughly conversant with the times in which he lives, and with the great questions of statesmanship ever pressing for solution, as to be able to deal with them with wisdom required by the needs of mankind and the demands of justice. So, if one is to be a model Christian, he must possess that adequacy of intelligence by which he shall apprehend in some necessary measure what God would have him be and do in the world.

This simple statement opens up fields of thought and life so grand and comprehensive that nothing less than Websterian powers are equal to their unfoldment. What God would have us be and do! This constitutes all that we possibly can be or do—all that we were made for and can attain to in the wonderful existence given us! God would have us renounce every sin, every wrong and foolish endeavor, and live for the true, the right, and the abiding. He would have us live for life's noblest ends, its unfulfilling felicities. While in this rapid transit across the world's stage He would enrobe us in the immortal dress of that city whose streets are transparent gold, whose walls are jasper, whose gates are pearl, and whose inhabitants are pure and most beautiful. Made in His "image" and "likeness," He would have us possess only those qualities which belong to God-like natures—to beings that shall live forever and become peers of the arch-angels. All this our Father in heaven would have us be. Being thus, our doing would be inspired and fashioned by such a life. Animated and governed by love and good will, being pure and just, true, every foe of goodness within crucified and slain, our doing would be of such a character as to call forth the songs and benedictions of heaven, and make ourselves angelic harbingers of days dreamed of by sages and seen in the visions of the seer. This, you say, is idealism, impossible of realization. No, not impossible, for all this we should be, or *aim* to be; and if we become model Christians, or seek to become such, with full honesty and perseverance, we shall sooner or later attain even to this which may seem so impossible.

2. The model Christian will be active and zealous in all possible ways in the interests of righteousness. Demosthenes being asked the secret of his great success, replied, "Action, action, action."

He might have added, "Zeal, zeal, zeal." The model Christian, inspired by the thought that he must be and do what God would have him be and do, hears all voices addressed to him, and actively and zealously attends to all the duties laid upon him. His time, his money, his voice, his prayers, his sympathies and influence are all consecrated to the noble things of a noble and God-directed life. Many very good Christians are active and zealous with respect to this or that particular interest, but as to all other things they are drones in the hive of mankind. The model Christian keeps his ears, eyes, heart and hands open to all possible activities and interests; if he can contribute to the success of twenty different forms of human effort, he does not selfishly content himself with adding two. He acts upon John Wesley's principle: "I get all I can; I keep all I can; I give all I can."

3. The model Christian is self-denying. In this life and world in which he is placed there are many things which he as an individual might greatly enjoy without present or ultimate ill to himself; but as an intelligent Christian, seeing that the indulgence of these things will abridge his usefulness and prove a hindrance and occasion of wrong to others, he cheerfully and promptly denies himself their use. Though pure and innocent to him, if by his use of them those around him shall become weak, shall stumble and give offense, he is careful not to "please himself," but by self-denial to "bear the infirmities of the weak." Whatever may be his judgment as to his personal use of wine, beer, or cider, if he sees that his example may result in leading the characters and in damning the souls of his fellows, no place shall be found for them in his home, no drop shall ever pass his lips. This principle of self-denial makes all who adopt it total abstainers from all that can intoxicate. The model Christian not only believes in this principle, but cheerfully obeys its divine behests.

But this principle of self-denial leads out, also, in a very different direction—leads him who lives in its clear and healthful sunshine to make a wise use of the material riches placed at his disposal. The Christian, whether rich or poor, cannot innocently live a life of ease and luxury; cannot use the treasure committed to his care for personal selfishness and pleasure. He is a heavenly-commissioned steward over the things placed in his charge, and he cannot justly use them except to further the interests of Christ's kingdom. Whether he have little or much committed to him, the model Christian saves and uses for God and righteousness.

4. The model Christian is loyal to Christ away from home as well as at home. Many who claim to be good Christians, and present a fair outward life at home, seem to be anything but Christians away from home—at least, under many circumstances. Away from home, as well as at home, the model Christian does not in any way debase the holy Sabbath, does not dance, attend the theatre, or in any way take his light from the candlestick. A Christian he is, and must be, everywhere.

5. The model Christian is cheerful and social. Carlyle says, "Give, O give, to the man that sings at his work. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its powers of endurance! Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine." The model Christian is cheerful. United with this is sociability—a kindly recognition, a warm hand, and an open heart to all that is true and worthy. Sin has erected many frowning ramparts, dug many pits and ditches, and has thus made life more or less uncertain, cruel, and treacherous; but the model Christian, by a loving cheerfulness, by a wise, kind, and genuine sociability, seeks to destroy these ramparts, to fill up these pits and ditches, and thus to give to this sin-cursed earth as much of paradise as possible.

All these qualities, and more, the model Christian will possess. Having them, he will be an example not only to "believers," but to a lost world. He will be an example "in word in conversation, in love, in spirit, in faith, in purity;" and being all this, he will be a model Christian.

Do you ask how is one to become such a model as this? By aiming high. Abraham Lincoln dreamed and talked of the Presidency while splitting rails in the woods of Illinois. James A. Garfield thought and dreamed of the great things of the future while a boy on the tow-path. Think about, dream about, earnestly pursue, the true, the good, the noble, the heavenly, and far sooner, and in measure above all early expectation, you will rise to and live in those grand realities seen, and known, and enjoyed only by model Christians.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE A METHODIST.

BY REV. E. L. HYDE.

Within two months, at preachers' meetings and at our Annual Conference, I have heard much said about the subject of Christian benevolence. My own opinion, I am happy to say, coincides with that of many of my brethren in the ministry and laity, but is antagonistic to that of some of my brethren who are noted for their success in earnest Christian work.

I believe that this world would be subdued to Christ in a comparatively short time, if Christians would give one-half as much for the spread of the Gospel as they do for personal pleasure and gratification of taste and appetite. I think that American Methodism needs the thorough working of its system as the Wesleyans work theirs in England and her colonies. Who of those who attended the Ecumenical Conference at City Road Chapel will forget the number

and persistency of the lay collectors, who solicited contributions for the mission cause. "A penny a week" used to be the amount contributed at the class-meeting. If we had a penny and a half from our members and probationers, it would give a grand total.

A brother minister said to me a short time ago that "people are being driven from our church to other churches on account of the money pressure brought upon them by our frequent contributions." I replied that some few, among which rank first and foremost our official brethren, have had to give liberally, but the work to be done now is to relieve these brethren of any disproportionate giving, and arouse, if possible, the do-nothings and give-nothings, of whom the number is not a few. One of our prominent wealthy and benevolent laymen remarked, at a meeting of the Home Missionary Society of the Providence Conference, that "the reason why so many men do not prosper is because they do not give." Let every Methodist minister send to "Layman, 439 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.," and get a supply of the tract entitled "What I Owe," and distribute them among his people at the close of a sermon on Christian giving, and the benevolent contributions would be largely increased, I think. They are furnished without cost.

For the past three years the churches in the New England Southern Conference, on account of extensive removals and clearing of the records, show a decline in totals of membership. At present there seems to be an advance movement, and we hope the enthusiasm shown at our late Conference on the line of home missions will result in an advance along the whole line of our aggressive work. As one brother remarked, "We have done good aggressive work, and we are able to do more than simply 'hold the fort.'" The amount raised for Home Missions last year was \$700; \$4,000 more was laid out in aggressive work that is now pressing its claims upon the Conference; \$2,500 is called for next year, and it is hoped that the Parent Missionary Society will receive \$9,000 or \$10,000, and the full amount be raised for our home work. We have no doubt that other benevolences may be brought up somewhat under proper management.

If members and probationers would pay three cents per week and five cents on Sunday (or \$11.99 total per year), it would more than cover all the bills. Note the following figures from the Providence Conference Minutes for 1880-1881. Paid for—

Bishops,	2,015	
Presiding Elders,	4,802	
Superintendents,	3,770	
Preachers,	102,556	\$112,123
Missions,	8,716	
W. F. M. Soc.,	1,509	
Home Miss. Soc.,	106	
Ch. Ex. Soc.,	1,203	
Miscellaneous,	303	
S. S. Union,	783	
Free Men's Aid,	709	
Education,	901	
Bible,	91	5,619
Interest on Church debts at 6 per cent.,	9,904	
Miscellaneous,	36,638	
Church Improvements,	6,631	\$106,137
Total,		\$262,296
Members,	20,078	
Probationers,	1,796	
Multipled by 22.44		29,463
Giving an excess of	\$11.99	\$4,137

This would be \$167 more than the \$4,000 needed for the home field of Conference missionary work. The total for the connectional work was \$14,016. If the 22,474 probationers and members gave one and one-fourth cents per week, the total would amount to \$14,608, or \$592 more than was raised. Had they given one and one-half cents per week, it would have amounted to \$16,529, or \$2,513 more than was raised.

What is there that we receive so much from in a merely temporal sense that costs us such a mere pittance? Our table luxuries, tea and coffee, our weekly papers, cost us more. Much of the aggregate reported above was paid by a few members, and many must have paid nothing, for the Minutes give from one-fourth to one-third of the spaces blank; thus showing for the whole church membership on such charges only a speaking void, whose value is loud for an advance along these unoccupied spaces of dollars and dimes, that all may be filled.

KANSAS METHODISM.

Kansas, "the best-advertised State," and the least understood, has been marked, through her whole history, by sharp contrasts and seeming contradictions. She has been under the prodigious constitutions and Free State constitutions; subject to terrorism and tyranny, yet striking the first effective blow to break her power in the nation; devoured by locusts and chinch bugs, and withered up by droughts, yet often bearing off the palm for cereals, fruit and stock; overrun by hordes of ignorant outlaws from everywhere, yet far advanced in education and its appliances than any State of the same age; the whiskey and beer guzzlers' paradise once, but now a prohibitory temperance society, by virtue of her organic and statutory laws.

To explain and illustrate these contrasts would not doubt both amuse and instruct the readers of the HERALD; but this is not the present purpose of the writer. I desire simply to call attention to a few items of interest relating to the progress of one branch of the Christian Church (Methodist Episcopal) here since my arrival in the State, in the spring of 1865. At that time the nation was quivering with excitement from the surrender of Lee and the martyrdom of her great and good Lincoln; and the boys in blue and gray were homeward bound. The population of the State in June of that year was 135,807; and between 1860 and 1870 the centre of population had retreated eastward some fifteen miles. From that the "star of empire" has moved rapidly westward; the centre of popu-

lation is removed about one hundred miles farther toward the setting sun; and our population at the last census was just slightly less than 1,000,000. While various causes have contributed to roll this tide of population over our prairies, one of the earlier impulses was no doubt given by the "policy" of Andrew Johnson. From having only one representative in our national councils, we are now allotted seven. The rate of progress of our schools, low and high, State and denominational, has been about in the same ratio.

Without further generalizing, I will come directly to an examination of a few church statistics, to ascertain the relative progress and present standing. The first column of figures is made up from the Minutes of the Kansas Conference held at Topeka, in March, 1865; the second, one from the Minutes of the Conference held in March, 1882; and the third one gives the per cent. of increase.

Conference, 1,	4,	20.00 per cent.
Districts, 4,	18,	20.25 "
Pastoral charges, 50,	389,	300.78 "
Members and Probationers, 6,495,	41,161,	600.56 "
Churches, 22,	302,	1,200.20 "
Value, \$88,500,	\$282,904,	300.71 "
Parsonages, 13,	180,	1,300.54 "
Value, \$12,500,	\$117,500,	900.42 "
Paid for Ministerial Support, \$23,333,	\$166,361,	700.12 "
Benev. Colls., \$3,406,	\$14,841,	300.74 "
Sunday-schools, 102,	961,	840.20 "
Scholars, 4,315,	35,801,	700.22 "

The item of ministerial support is not exact (as I have not at hand the statistics of the South and Southwest Conferences), but a near approximation.

As will be observed, the lowest rate of increase is in the districts, which is 20.25 per cent.; this is explained by the fact that the presiding elders are carrying much heavier work than their predecessors in the early days. The increased density of the population and facilities for traveling enable them to do this. The greatest rate of advancement has been in the number of parsonages—1,200.84 per cent. The absolute necessity of the preachers' families has served to secure earnest work on this line. In the items of valuation and benevolence the figures, of course, come very far short of representing the real increase; just as one dollar at the present time will go about as far toward building a church, or supporting a family, as two dollars would in 1865.

Our work here in this State is now thrown into four divisions, called Kansas, South Kansas, Southwest Kansas and Northwest Kansas Conferences. The two southern Conferences embrace a little more than half of the State, and are divided by a line that commences at the southeast corner of Cowley County, running north to the southern line of Chase County, which it follows to its southwest corner, and from there north to the line of the Kansas Conference in Morris County. The two northern Conferences embrace something less than half of the State, and are divided by the 37th principal meridian—a line that follows substantially the west boundary of Dickinson, Clay and Washington Counties.

To lessen the distance of the preachers in reaching the Conference sessions, and open places of sufficient size and ability to entertain them, these divisions seemed necessary. We may lose in corporate influence, but will gain in convenience. Our educational lines will still be at Baker University; and Methodist love and State pride will keep us in bonds that imaginary lines will not sever. Let us as preachers and people be wholly consecrated to God and His cause, and push the victories of the Cross with unflinching energy, and what may we not predicate of the success of Methodism for the next period of the same length? G. S. DEARBORN.

Vinal, Kan.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

[Reported by REV. B. S. ARLEY.]

[Continued.]

SATURDAY.

Conference opened in due form. The journal was read and approved.

E. S. Gahan was admitted on trial. The class to be admitted into full connection was called to the altar and addressed. Dr. Reid led in prayer. The address was one of the best to which it has been our pleasure to listen.

F. W. Towle, W. Baldwin, T. R. Pentecost, R. B. Gardner, C. A. Main, and J. R. Clifford were admitted to full connection, and, with the exception of Clifford and Pentecost, who are already deacons, were elected to deacon's orders.

It was voted that when we adjourn, it be to meet at 2 o'clock.

T. W. Bishop addressed the Conference in the interest of Boston University.

J. Morse was located at his own request. Dr. Reid addressed the Conference on the ministerial part of our mission work.

A. Prince, cashier of Conference, reported. I. H. W. Wharf was requested to furnish a copy of his statistical table of the members of Conference.

Conference met at two o'clock, Bishop Andrews in the chair.

The following committees reported: Stewards (giving \$55 to each full claim), Bible Cause, Education, Sunday-school Union and Tract Society, treasurer of Missionary Society, Temperance, Marriage and Divorce, Benevolent Causes, Book Concern, Missions, Statistics, Freedmen and Standing Committees.

Voted that G. R. Palmer, A. Prince and L. D. Wardwell be a committee to prepare a constitution and by-laws for a Conference educational society.

S. L. Hanscom presented a resolution which pledged the members of the Conference to vote for no candidates for office in the coming election except pronounced temperance men.

A vote of thanks to President Arthur for vetoing the Chinese Bill, was passed.

The following amounts are to be divided among the districts by the presiding elders: For Missions, \$2,875; Freedmen's Aid, \$1,300; Freedmen's Aid, \$500; Sunday-school Union, \$200; Church Extension, \$500; Tract, \$200; American Bible Society, \$200.

Voted that when we adjourn it be to meet at 7 o'clock to-morrow evening.

A call was made for books for the prison.

The committees of examination were appointed; also fraternal delegates to other religious bodies within the bounds of the Conference, and visitors to East Maine Confer-

ence Seminary, Wesleyan University, and Boston University.

The trials of appeals were also appointed. A Church presented a resolution touching the illness and absence of J. P. Magee.

A Church was invited to preach a semi-centennial sermon at the next session. Rev. S. B. Cummings, of the Baldwin Place Home, Boston, was introduced, and spoke a few words concerning his work.

A committee of three—L. D. Wardwell, C. A. Plummer and N. G. Astell—were appointed to consider the case of the children of G. R. Wilson.

In the evening Dr. Reid gave one of his strong addresses on mission work.

SUNDAY.

The love-feast was excellent. C. B. Dunn presided.

At 10.30 Bishop Andrews preached, delighting and instructing the large congregation. Eight were ordained deacons.

At 2.30 P. M. Dr. Reid preached an excellent sermon, after which three were ordained elders.

Sunday evening memorial services were held, Bishop Andrews presiding.

G. Pratt read the memoir of N. Webb; J. T. Jewell that of T. B. Tupper; A. J. Lockhart of Sister Browning; W. T. Jewell of Sister Fowler; and A. J. Lockhart of Sister Taylor.

The Bishop then spoke of Bishop E. O. Haven in words worthy of both men.

This day will not soon be forgotten. C. Stone preached at the Baptist church in the afternoon, and T. W. Bishop in the evening. T. Gerrish preached at the Methodist church in the afternoon.

The Sabbath Conference services were held in the Congregational church, that being the largest church in the place.

MONDAY.

Conference met at 6 A. M. Bishop Andrews conducted the services.

A resolution of regrets and good wishes was passed and tendered to Dr. Stone.

The usual votes were taken, and a few other items of business transacted. Much credit is due Bro. Haskell and the families that entertained the Conference.

The Bishop then addressed the Conference and read the appointments, which are as follows:—

BANGOR DISTRICT.

G. R. PALMER, Presiding Elder.

Atkinson, South Side and Mills, A. W. C. Anderson, Bangor—First Church, T. Gerrish; Union Street, G. N. Eldridge; Brewer and Edgemoor, C. A. Plummer; Brewer, J. M. Williams; Bangor, F. W. Towle; Cornish and East Cornish, S. T. Page; Carmel and Levant, C. L. Banghart; Castle Hill, to be supplied, Dexter, W. W. March; Dover and Bear Hill, Y. H. Wardwell; Danforth, Weston and Bancroft, M. D. Miller; Dixmont, J. T. Tilling; Eastport, S. M. M. Leonard; Fort Fairfield and Carleton, E. Skinner; Forest City, J. W. Price; Guilford, Sargerville and Parkman, E. Brown; Houlton, A. A. Lewis; Harland, to be supplied, Hampden, A. S. Townsend; Harmony and Wellington, N. R. Turner; Lagrange, Bradford and Melrose, S. T. Jewell; Springfield, Matamoras, A. A. Bragdon; Monticello and Littleton, E. A. Glidden; Monroe, L. A. Gould; Marsh Hill, R. L. Manton; New York, to be supplied, L. H. W. Wharf; Orono, Upper Stillwater and Vezie, L. L. Hancock; Patten and Sherman, F. H. Osborn; Presque Isle, to be supplied, J. Carroll and Prentiss, supplied by A. Godfrey; Winterville and Cole's Corner, G. Pratt; West Hamden, to be supplied.

D. H. Trickett, Chaplain in U. S. Navy, member of Bangor Quarterly Conference.

BUCKSPOUT DISTRICT.

L. D. WARDWELL, Presiding Elder.

Alexander, Crawford and Cooper, R. P. Gardner; Adams and Centerville, to be supplied, Bucksport, A. J. Clifford; Bucksport Center, to be supplied, Bar Harbor, J. H. Moore; Bucksport and South Orrington, James B. Biram; Castine and West Penobscot, G. G. Winslow; Columbia Falls and Columbia, C. L. Mills; Canton, to be supplied, W. Day; Deer Isle, B. C. Blackwood; East Bucksport and Orono, supplied by Z. Davis; Ellsworth, Geo. W. Hudson; East Sullivan and Gouldsboro, to be supplied, East Machias and Whiting, supplied by T. F. Smith; Eastport, W. H. Williams; Edmunds and Penobscot, C. A. Main; Franklin and Sullivan, J. H. Bennett; Harrington and Cherryfield, Jas. Alexander; Lubec, supplied by R. M. Wilkins; Madawaska and Sealton, to be supplied, Machias, Alex. Frothingham; Millville, P. J. Robinson; Orrington, C. B. Reese; Penobscot and Sealton, to be supplied, Penobscot, A. J. Lockhart; Robinson and Charlotte, M. F. Bridgman; Seaboard and North Sealton, to be supplied, J. Allen; Trenton, to be supplied, Sealton, to be supplied.

M. W. Prince, principal of East Maine Conference Seminary; member of Bucksport Quarterly Conference; H. H. Clark, Chaplain in U. S. Navy; member of Milltown Quarterly Conference.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT.

B. S. ARLEY, Presiding Elder.

Boothbay, S. L. Hanscom; Bremen and Rockport, supplied by L. M. Smith; Bristol, M. G. Prentiss; Camden, B. C. Verrill; China and Winslow, supplied by J. C. Lamb; Clinton and Benton, C. E. Springer; Cushing and South Umbagog, S. S. Gross; Denmark and Mills, C. B. Dunn; Dresden, F. D. Handy; East Boothbay and South Bristol, C. L. Haskell; East Pittsburg and Whitefield, T. Tyler; East Winslow and Branch Mills, supplied by E. W. Fenton; Friendship, E. H. Tunnicliffe; Georgetown and Norwichton, to be supplied, J. M. Morse; E. S. Gahan; Montville and Palermo, supplied by W. J. Clifford; North and East Vassalboro, E. H. Boynton; North and West Vassalboro, to be supplied, J. M. Morse; Rockport, G. B. Chadwick; Rockland, C. A. Southard; Rockport, W. F. Chase; Seaboard and Lincoln, to be supplied, J. M. Morse; Bridge, J. R. Clifford; Southport, J. R. Baker; South Thomaston, B. M. Mitchell; Thomaston, A. Prince; Union, S. H. Beale; Unity and Troy, J. A. Mendenhall; Vassalboro, Cross Hill and Riverside, W. B. Eldridge; Vinal Haven, to be supplied, Waldoboro, W. L. Brown; Washington, to be supplied, Westport, to be supplied, Windsor, T. R. Pentecost; Wiscasset, J. T. Crosby; Woolwich, B. B. Byrne.

C. Stone, transferred to Maine Conference, and stationed at Farmington, G. A. Crawford, Chaplain U. S. Navy; member of Camden Quarterly Conference.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

[The following report was read at the late session of the New England Conference at Northampton, Mass.]

At the last session of the New England Conference, a resolution was presented by Rev. V. A. Cooper, endorsing the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and calling for an organization with the Conference. The resolution was adopted, and an organization was effected under the constitution of the parent society formed some time since in Cincinnati, Ohio.

It may be that there are those present who are not quite familiar with the objects of this Society. We are well aware that the Methodist Church has many societies and organizations under its sanction calling for both generous offering and faithful service. The question may arise, Why have another society?

We have, it is true, one grand Missionary Society reaching to all parts of the country, and the Foreign Missionary Society doing noble work in heathen lands. We have the Ladies' and Pastor's Union doing its work in all churches where it has been organized, and it may appear that we need nothing farther; yet upon reflection little provision has been made for the great and pressing work which lies within our own borders, and there is great danger that in our anxiety to preach the Gospel to the heathen, we may fail to begin at Jerusalem.

Hundreds and thousands in the South and great West, including especially the degraded Territory of Utah, are living without the Gospel or the light of civilization which comes from the Gospel. It is those ignorant women in the South and West, both black and white, and the foreigners who are coming within our borders from all lands, that this Society designs to reach and save from darkness and sin. We desire to save the nation, so that the nation may save the world. We wish to reach and bless ignorant, degraded womanhood in this land which God has given us, and to establish agencies by which in after days they may go out and bless all the ends of the earth. We design to help the women and children who are almost in heathen darkness in this our beloved country.

Standing as we do between the East and the West, having gates open to the millions of Europe and the swarms from Asia, we need to be careful that the tide sweeping in upon us shall not overwhelm us with its impurity and irreligion. We realize that the home is the all-powerful influence in social life. We propose to direct our special attention to this department of work, and with the wives and children under the influence of the Gospel we know the future will be secure.

We are glad to report that our work is meeting with very great encouragement. It has been most warmly endorsed by several of our Bishops and leading ministers, and wherever meetings have been held the churches have been most kind and responsive. We have been favored with a delegation from the Parent Society in Cincinnati, Ohio, consisting of Mrs. John Davis, first vice-president, Mrs. Prof. Williams, and Mrs. Dr. Rust, corresponding secretary.

They gave us just the opportunity needed to present to the ladies of our churches the home missionary work. The meetings were well attended, being held in Boston, Chelsea, Lynn, Lowell, Worcester, and Springfield. Union services were appointed in Lowell, Worcester and Springfield. Though our success may seem small compared with the results we wish to attain, yet we have secured two hundred and twenty-five names, looking forward to auxiliaries, five having been already formed. Personal effort in Malden made five life members, and one has been added from Lynn. During the autumn we recommended Miss James as a missionary, and promised to aid in her support.

She is located at Atlanta, Ga., and we have received a very interesting letter from her. We have looked to God for guidance, and have been blessed in all our work. We only wish we might interest some one of you. There may be those present who have been praying that God would open up to them avenues whereby they might do work for the Master. Will you not accept this as the answer to prayer, and come over and help us? The field is broad, and there is need of earnest hearts and praying women. Dear ones, let us work while the day lasts, that of each of us it may be said, "She hath done what she could."

Mrs. H. C. GHATAN, Cor. Sec. and Treas. W. H. M. S.

THE GREAT REVIVAL OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood, with an account of the Revival in the United States, by Rev. W. B. Bacon, D. D., Philadelphia. This text-book for amateur and professional scholars in music seems to have been prepared by an expert teacher. It is sufficiently full in its treatment of the principles of instruction, gives ample lessons in harmony and thorough bass, has abundant lessons for practice, has a dictionary of musical terms, and short sketches of ancient and modern masters of note. Students of music should examine its claims.

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The Family.

MY STAFF.

BY META B. R. THORNE.

I leaned on an earthly arm,
A noble one and strong,
And my heart, content, in loving pride
Broke forth in happy song,
As I walked with springing, joyous step
The path of life along.

But alas! when weak and spent
With the burdens of the day,
Upon my staff too hard I leaned—
It suddenly gave way;
I found it but a broken reed,
To my sorrow and dismay.

"Oh, miserable me!"
My sad soul cried in grief,
Where shall my weakness find a stay?
My misery relief?
Then came these words, too beautiful,
I thought them for belief:—

"Come, weary one, to Me!
My arm shall never fail;
When tempests beat, in earthquake shock,
When howls the wildest gale,
Leaning upon My strength divine,
Thou needest not to quail."
I stretch my trembling hand
To reach that hand of Thine;
Such strength and power are in the clasp
That tenderly meets mine,
That round my way faith, hope and love
Seem instantly to shine;
I walk secure from earthly ills
In panoply divine.

SPRING CLEANING.

BY MISS A. N. STOW.

Verily, the time for spring cleaning is upon us, if with some it is not already past. The mere mention of the name is a terror to most housekeepers, while to the man of the house it is a synonym for everything that is intolerable and disastrous.

As I sat sewing this morning, a thought came to me somehow on this wise: Yes, it's time to clean house, to pry into every nook and corner, to investigate with soap and water every spot where the winter's dust has penetrated, to remove the faintest dinginess from marble and paint; indeed, it is a time for making dull things bright, for casting out as worthless many an old bit of furniture—things we have prized in the past, but which have outlived their beauty and usefulness.

The world outside, too, is beginning to put on lovely coloring. Already from my windows I can see the buds swelling and the grass shooting up fresh and green. Yes, it is a time of newness; and even now we can exclaim with Solomon, "Lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come."

Well, spring cleaning is something to be dreaded; but, after all, we should get along very poorly without it. With some the work is more thorough than with others, but all go at it with more or less determination to bring order out of confusion and beauty out of ugliness.

At this point the suggestion came to me with peculiar force, Why not go through with just such a process inside? It is all right to "make clean the outside of the cup and platter," but are we cleansed from all villainy in our spirits? Are there no cobwebs growing in some of the secret chambers of our souls? Is it not written, "God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness?" If we, then, as children of God, would obey the message which He has sent us, let us look to it that our purification be not only external, but that of the heart and life as well.

Many a housewife attends to her duties so faithfully that all the year through there is very little show of dirt or confusion; however, when spring cleaning commences, she is sure to find traces of dust somewhere. Just so it is in our spiritual natures. By a superficial process we are able to keep up a tolerably fair appearance, and perhaps we are thought to be pretty good sort of Christians; when, if the inmost recesses of our hearts were searched, the revelation would be appalling.

Is not this the time for God's children to seek that washing which will make them "whiter than snow?" How many of us are groaning after purity? How many are casting the beam out of their own eyes instead of being troubled about the mote in their neighbor's eye? Who of us are helping to bear each other's burdens? Do we weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice? Are we willing to be spit upon and buffeted for Christ's sake? Are we easy to be entreated? Do we find it hard to forgive our enemies? Do we judge charitably of our brothers and sisters in the church? Are we glad in another's success, even though failure attends our own best efforts? Have we on the whole armor of God? Oh, if the church militant would but polish her weapons, what victories might she win for our Christ!

•• Strengthened with all might, ac-

ording to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness."

Fellow-Christians, do we prefer Jerusalem above our chief joy? Is the Saviour to us the One "altogether lovely?" If not, it is time for us to wake out of sleep and see to it that our hearts as well as our houses are clean and in order. And not only so, but let our lives show forth the beauty of holiness. Let all the graces of the Spirit adorn us; so shall we bear much fruit, and the end shall be life everlasting!

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 27.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

DIED, MARCH 24, 1882.

BY REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

The windy March, with trumpet shrill,
Pipes his rude plaint through leafless trees,
O'er the marble tomb of the buried dead,
With sharpness from the sorrowing seas;
Than organ blast a wilder strain—
Meet music for the poet's burial train.

Swift harpers of a stormy choir,
They sweep, with many an angry wail,
And flit, their visionless eyes,
Their numbers rise, and faint, and fall;
Perchance their airy dirges rise
O'er him whose well-tuned lute all silent lies.

Poorer, for dearth of love and song,
Shall Spring unbind her tresses free;
And circling Charles shall glide along,
In pensive silence to the sea;
The elms with leaves shall shade his door,
In vain—the gentle poet comes no more.

And can the minstrel's music die—
Or fainting, fall from notes so clear
To silence, as the cuckoo's cry?
'Mid song-tides of the rising year?
No! could the mind forget, we own,
From the touched heart, each dear, familiar tone.

And can my heart unmindful be
Of him who linked my land with fame;
Who wreathed with deathless poetry
Academy's sweet untold name;
Whose liquid numbers did entrance
My youth-time with the splendors of romance?

Still tears confess the moving spell,
While live in numbers, pure and fine,
The mournful love of Gabriel,
The sorrow of Evangeline,
That wandering, sad, unnumbered Eve,
Trust of faithful hearts that e'er had cause to grieve!

What though we shall behold no more
The reverend "head that all men knew,"
That wild March winds sing dirges o'er
The sod that hides him from our view?
Each memory with his song is life;
Ours is the treasure of his deathless life.

A life complete, in breadth, in length,
To each divine instinct true;
Where on the rock of manly strength
Each flower of grace and beauty grew;
A life serenely fortunate,
By sorrow ushered into its supreme estate.

"As the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded,"—Shakespeare.

BUDS, BLOSSOMS AND FRUITS.

NUMBERS 17: 8.

BY REV. J. B. HINGLEY.

[Concluded.]

2. Blossoms. The most beautiful season of the year is that when the trees of orchard and field are in full bloom; when the apple and cherry are robed in white, with but a faint trimming of pink; when the quince and pear are covered with summer's hoar-frost, and the woods dotted with spots of white—that brief time when Nature puts on her holiday attire. It is not merely show, for the lifeless and barren stalks do not give such beautiful evidences of growth. Nor is it the object and end of plant life, but simply a beautiful and necessary accompaniment of real growth. The steps which God takes in nature are marked at every stage by manifestations of the beautiful; and though there may be varying degrees of grace, point your finger, if you can, to any page of God's great picture-book, nature, and show me where it has been marred in His hands.

The image of the rod is still before us. Buds of precious promise are not enough. He would also see the blossoms of grace. From the minister He has chosen He seeks not only native gifts of heart and mind, but the graces of conversion and education, by which "every power of the soul is unfolded," and rendered worthy of the God from whom it came. Such graces commend him to all as a servant of nature's God. The buds of promise must soon, under the warmth of His love, develop into the blossoms of grace which adorn His workmanship. He desires not alone the tokens of His own workings—a Christ-like character and love of humanity. Yet these graces, which may in their nature be transitory, have germs of lasting good beneath them—immediate promises of fruit unto holiness and eternal life. For the blossom, too, is a promise, yet more direct, of the first fruitage of autumn. It bears as mere accidents the beautiful, many-colored petals; and if we observe our orchard, we will find, after a few days, that the summer zephyrs are sending down a shower of flakes, and soon the ground is covered with this summer snow. But not all of the blossom has fallen. The petals have stored up the air and sunshine; the stamens have fertilized the seed, and these drop off; but the germ remains, still hanging to the twig and directly nourished by the life-blood of the tree, to further develop, under the rich rays of the August sun, into the full-grown fruit. Thus the delicate blossom, while adding to the beauty of the plant, was by no means the end in view, but only a beautiful, necessary accompaniment of God's workings in nature. Nor is it different in those to whom God has given this two-fold proof

of their ministry—the buds of promise, native gifts, and blossoms of His grace. These are not the end in view, but only subserve the grand aim of his ministry—the abundant harvest of souls—with-out which the promises have failed and the graces been but mockery.

3. Fruits. We have seen the buds of spring-time develop into the blossoms of summer, and if we will but with patience wait for the continued heat of July and August to do its work, we will see the green fruit appear, grow, ripen, lay up its precious store of seeds for the next season, and drop into the bosom of the earth which had nourished it. The tree has given a final proof that God was working through it. This is the final test of its value, the end in view from the beginning, the fulfillment of the promise which was enclosed in the bud. That compactly-arranged envelope would have been nothing, however much we might have admired the order therein displayed; the beautiful flower leaves would have been valueless except in view of the fully-developed fruit. Yet this was in the bud, was in the flower, as truly as it hangs upon the bough. The great and final proof of God's purpose fulfilled in the tree-life, is the fruitage. We sometimes see a tree which has budded plentifully, but a late, nipping frost has caused it to stop there, with neither leaf nor flower appearing—fit emblem of youthful promise of good unrealized. Again, the bud and leaf appear, and the flower also, but the blast causes it to check its growth there—a failure because the great end which nature designed it to serve has not been realized. No fruit has appeared. But when the treasures of autumn have realized the promises of spring and the glory of summer, we say, "Well done!" and see that God has been working through the fruitful tree.

Even so it is with God's chosen minister. The greatest proof of his call is the fruit. God calls him by the bud and blossom, but forever sets the seal on his divine commission by the abundant fruit. However many precious promises of usefulness may be seen in the beautiful gifts bestowed on head and heart; however many beautiful graces of tongue, life and character may be enjoyed by his favored child, these will count as naught if fruit be lacking—fruit ripened for eternity.

The Saviour had been teaching in Bethany, and in the midst of the manifold duties which crowded into the short remainder of life left to Him, had neglected to attend to the wants of His body. He was hungry, and as He journeyed to the temple He saw a fig-tree, with luxuriant leaves, standing by the wayside. Amid such evidences of life He fully expected to find fruit—either that which had early developed, or had lain over from the preceding season. But He pushed aside the thick leaves in a vain search for fruit. The tree was barren in spite of the great luxuriance of its foliage, and there it stood, a fit emblem of the hypocrite. It was sentenced even before He spoke—"Never fruit grow upon these more;" and when they went by on the next morning, lo! it had withered away. Thus the Saviour most powerfully impressed the lesson of the peril of hypocrisy and need of fruit.

Wonder is expressed that on Aaron's rod, by which God so plainly expressed His choice, there should be found, at the same time on the same branch and on so short notice, buds, blossoms, and fruits. It was apparently a botanical monstrosity. Yet Moses chose a rod from a tree which grows most luxuriantly, and actually presents such a view. The almond tree begins to revive very early in the spring, and grows so rapidly that even before the leaves have fully developed, the whole tree is white with blossoms. Indeed, the very fruit appears, and we see in nature, by the roadside in Palestine to-day, Aaron's rod, bearing buds, blossoms and fruits on the same branch. Yet it may be well to remember that most of the fruit is ripened afterwards.

It may be that God expects in His ministry not only buds, blossoms and fruits—gifts, grace and usefulness—but He may look for them in a measure together, and thus most signally designate His chosen servants as of old. Of course, we may not look for the abundant harvest until the close of life's work. He that sows shall reap, though after many days; yet we do expect to see some fruit even now, together with the blossoms of hope and beauty and the tender buds of promise.

I have said nothing of what follows the ingathering. The plant year may be divided into four periods of varying length: spring-time, or time of awakening and putting forth buds and leaves; summer, when the blossoms develop and change into the forming fruit; autumn, or time of maturing and falling; and, finally, the rest of the winter. After the work of the summer, the rest of the winter; after day, night; after life, heaven; after time, eternity.

When the Christian minister, to whose acceptance God has thus testified, has completed his work; when the promises of youth and the graces of manhood have met in the ripe fruit of old age, rest will be his. God will receive him to heaven.

Blessed life-allegory of buds, blossoms and fruits! Blessed similitude of Aaron's rod! May we be of that number who see in their lives not only the buds of promise and blossoms of hope and beauty, but also the fully-matured fruit of our life-work!

Our Girls.

SITTING-ROOM CHRONICLES.

BY MISS O. W. SCOTT.

FIFTH PAPER.

A month has passed since I wrote that I didn't know what was "to come of it," and to-day I wonder how it was possible to help knowing. I see now that I was looking for some outside in-

fluence that should lift me into a sphere and show me my mission. I began to be very skeptical about that "Voice" which didn't listen? They say an Indian puts his ear to the ground to hear a far-off footstep, and it seems to me that I lay in the dust for days—figuratively speaking—humbly begging for a voice or a footstep—something that should be a sure guide; for I was tired doing nothing, or at least accomplishing nothing. To be sure, since I graduated I have painted a little, and embroidered considerably, and helped mother when there was extra work to do or the girl had a rest, and I've kept the records of the "Ladies' Aid" because mother said I ought, and have taught a class of squirming boys in Sunday-school because I pitted the superintendent; but I haven't put my might and mind into it, haven't done it because it was my work, have never felt as I did about my lessons at school, as though there was an object and end in view.

Of course I did not see this clearly those first days as I do now, for everything was so confused. I blamed the church for not having some special, definite work for us to do, and then I blamed Aunt Ruth for tearing down the foundations of our fancy-work service; and I tried to feel that everything was all right, and that "we girls" were not responsible beings, but were expected to stand ready to be coaxed when the church wanted an unusually brilliant affair.

Meanwhile, we had some lovely quiet talks in the sitting-room, and we read Pansy's "Pocket Measure" aloud, which made me feel that some time I would follow the example of her heroine. But at length the illumination, so longed for, came.

Some people speak of the growth and development of humanity as though we were like forest trees, gaining a concentric ring every year, but I know better. We just wake up to things, as we do in the morning when the sun shines full in our faces. I was drowsing the sitting-room one morning, when Aunt Ruth came in and handed me a letter which she had just been reading. I saw tears in her eyes, and so I sat down very soberly, fearing there was bad news from some of our friends. But it proved to be from a young lady who has offered herself to the Woman's Missionary Society for foreign work—one whose mother is a special friend of Aunt Ruth.

It was all very interesting and touching, but what impressed me most forcibly was a reference to her young companions. It ran like this: "It grieves me to think that the girls I have loved and associated with, are so little interested in what is to be my life-work; and I ask myself, why should not every one of them have a share in the labor and in the reward. It all seems so real to me, so unreal to them."

I handed the letter to grandmother, and turned to my work again, but my thoughts were settling upon that message as a swarm of bees settles upon the branch of a tree. Why shouldn't I, Hortense Palmer, have the same interest, only less in degree, as this loving and beloved only daughter, who was only a few years older than I? Why shouldn't this great aggressive work of the church seem "real" to me, as to her? But it never had. That very morning at the breakfast table mother had spoken of the next meeting of our church missionary society, and had wished that something could be done to make it of more than usual interest, and I hadn't given it a second thought. It had not touched me in the least.

It seemed perfectly natural that grandmother, and mother, and the minister's wife, and Aunt Sally Higgins, and a few other extra good women should be interested in foreign missions, but as for me—well, Marcia and I give something to "benevolences" when father puts the money into our hands, and that is all. But what if it was my duty to be interested? What if it would make everything seem different if I could be? And then I thought of a neighbor of ours who took an orphan—a poor little waif—to board last summer for a charitable institution in the city. She gave her enough to eat, and kept her nice and clean; but it was very evident that Mrs. Price did it "from a sense of duty." By and by she made up her mind to adopt the child as her very own, and then she began to love her; and the little thing brightened up, and acted like another being. And Mrs. Price, who was a rather unhappy woman, grew quite cheerful, and couldn't do enough for her "dear little Hope."

And sitting there in the sunshine with my dust cloth in my hand, I couldn't help thinking there were other things than children that had to be "adopted" before we do them justice. And then came that strange illumination, and I saw in a flash that I could love the Lord with all my mind by loving His work so well as to give my mind to its best accomplishment; and such a flood of joy and light came into my soul with that thought as made me fairly tremble.

It seems almost sacrilegious to write it even in my own book; but I really think I could understand how the old prophets felt when they caught a glimpse of what should be hereafter; for I could see how church work might be carried on so easily and so successfully if all the girls in all the churches would take hold of it as of other projects, by their own free choice, and not leave it all to their busy mothers. May be some girls do that now, but here in Asperston, it is, "Come, girls, do help us just a little," and then we refuse and wait to be teased, and seem never to move of ourselves only in the line of "good times."

Well, grandmother had finished reading the letter, and she took off her spectacles and said as she wiped the tears away, "It shall come to pass in the last days that I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." I looked up from my dreaming to meet Aunt Ruth's eyes, and the ques-

tion, "What is your prophecy, Hortense?" I told her it was not yet written, and couldn't be until that room was finished; for, of course, there was nothing to tell. But by the help of the sewing machine, which always sets my thoughts in order, it was not long before I had clipped the wings of my vision, and brought it into practical service; not long before I knew, beyond the possibility of doubt, that I had "a mind to work;" and I sung for joy, over the long seams, that I had at last found my mission.

Of course the first step was to tell Marcia. But she came in at noon with a glowing face, and called me aside. "Oh, I'm so glad," said she. "I've done it at last, after dreading it so long."

"Done what?" I inquired. "O Tessie," she went on, drawing off her gloves wrong side out; "do you remember how we were talking one night about loving the Lord with all our minds? Well, it came to me that night that my work was a selfish one, after all, and that I was a pretty poor specimen of a Christian; and when I turned about and said, 'What shall I do?' the answer came—persuade Walter Johnson to stop drinking. Now, wasn't that preposterous? But to-day, after I had given his sister her lesson, he came in and we had a long talk. I told him how much I regretted the foolish thing I had said and done, when, as a Christian, I knew better; and that seemed to open his heart, and he told me how useless and wicked his life was, and how he despised himself. So then I wrote a pledge of total abstinence from drinking and gambling, and he signed it."

Marcia looked so happy and triumphant that my new purpose began to appear pale and faded; but, nevertheless, I told her my experience, and we went down to dinner in the most sympathetic mood.

A little later I said to mother: "What would you think if you should see a dozen of us girls coming into your missionary meeting next week?" She looked up with a queer expression, and answered, "I should say, 'This is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes.' If I should see you there, and know that you came because you had learned to love the work, it would be joy enough for me."

It made me feel like a "prodigal" daughter to hear such words, but having "come to myself," I was determined not to be driven back, nor to come alone. "A dozen girls at least," I said to myself, even if there are not robes and rings enough to go round.

COMFORTING VERSES.

BY A PLAIN MAIDEN.

DEAR GIRLS: I am seventeen years old, and like a great many other girls, I feel deeply my want of beauty. I write these lines and send them to you, thinking, perhaps, that among you there might be some plain maiden like myself, whom they might comfort, as the thoughts expressed in them have often comforted me.

I am not an aesthetic maiden
Who looks upon "honey-dew,"
Whose spiritualized body
This spring sun might shine through,
But I am almost a woman,
And my life-work yet to do.

I am not pretty and slender,
My hands and feet are not small,
No long and curling lashes
On a cheek of crimson fall,
And my voice has no sweet tones,
Like the voice of a robin's call.

But yet, though I love this beauty,
And I think God loves it too,
A nameless thrill runs through me,
When I think what these beauties can do,
And the scenes of sorrow and sadness
That these feet can bear me to.

It may be a heart-felt compassion,
May soothe my awkward ways,
And my voice may be sweeter,
As I read those sacred lays
That were written for human sorrow
In the old, inspired days.

Eyes, luminous, deep and tender,
Have not been given to me,
Under whose beams the poets
Have said it is blessed to be;
And have likened them unto the heavens,
And the shadowy depths of the sea.

But I pray that the sad ones,
Below my eyes may divine
The sympathy and compassion
That lie in this heart of mine,
That shall be given to me,
And my voice has no sweet tones,
Like the voice of a robin's call.

So I stand in the sweet spring sunshine,
Which falls on me so gently,
Awaiting the long, long life-work
That shall be given to me,
And I hear the brooklet murmuring
Its life away to the sea.

While I mourn for the want of beauty
That appears in this body of mine,
Yet a feeling of gladness runs through me,
And my voice has no sweet tones,
Like the voice of a robin's call,
And I know I shall be contented
When I wake in the likeness of Thine!
—Christian at Work.

The Little Folks.

THE WASP.

I dare say you think that the wasp is a ugly, bad-tempered insect, who does nothing in the world but sting little children. She is apt to do this when she is meddled with. Of all things she dislikes a meddler. Yet, when she seems to be buzzing about, seeking whom she may sting, she is really busy making a home for her young.

I watched her at work the other day. She had chosen the ceiling of my room, where the open window allowed her to pass in and out. She had already erected a little clay hut with an opening at the end. In order to set her mind at rest, I let her finish her cradle and nursery. Daily it grew bigger, till it was perhaps as large as a large plum. Then one day she closed and locked the door, so to speak, and flew away.

When her back was turned I broke into her hut, like a burglar. I found there two tiny rolls of something that looked like cotton-wool. Each was wrapped in a brown gauzy blanket, and they were, in reality, the wasp's babies. The wasp is a warm bed-farer. She gets her wings and sting. All around were lying the bodies of dead flies and spiders which the wise mother-wasp had stung with her sting and sealed up from every good from everything, and does good to all. This is the fountain which that never fails.—Joseph P. Thompson, D. D.

THESE KNOWERS.
Lord, Thou knowest, only Thou,
Just how low I lie,
Just what crosses 'tis best I bear,
Just what I need.
Lord, Thou knowest, only Thou,
Just what is best—
'Mid the world's soul-wearing fret,
Burning heat or chilling wet,
In Thine rest.
Lord, Thou lovest, and Thy love
Doth bring no smart.
Dearly lovest Thou me, I pray;
Thine outlasteth every gale,
And fills the heart.
—Hannah Coddington.

others who live together in little tenement houses of their own. They not only build their houses themselves, but they make the pasteboard for the walls and chambers from shreds of wood, as we make rags into paper.—Our Little Ones.

SPRING PROMISES.

Hark! what sound, so sweet, is filling
All this balmy, blissful day?
What delicious, airy trilling
Floats so joyously this way?
'Tis a robin in yon tree,
Singing of a nest to be,
Shaded in a scented bower,
When each bud shall be a flower;
And of the little robins merry,
Plump and red as any cherry,
That shall sing a silver tune,
In the pleasant month of June.

In a hacinthine flower
Hangs a little drowsy bee,
Rocking, swinging by the hour;
Listen, listen, what saith he?
Hidden in the purple bell,
Murmuring soft as wreathed shell
How he'll gather golden honey
In the meadows warm and sunny,
From buttercup and daisy bright,
Clover blossoms, red and white,
Garden roses, rich as wine,
Tulip, pink, and columbine.

Buds on apple boughs are swelling,
Sweetest promise whisper they;
Folded crimson petals long
How they'll blossom in sweet May.
Falling down a scented snow,
When the gentle zephyrs blow,
Softly lighting, one by one,
Of tiny apples in the sun,
Growing russet, red and yellow,
Sweet and spicy, tart and sweet,
Dropping 'neath the silver moon,
When the Katy-did's in tune.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

.... When a pretty Irish girl is stolen away, they suspect some boy-crozier.—*Harford Times.*

.... When a couple make up their minds to get married it may be called a vote.

.... "Don't you love birds, Mr. Proseman, and all their sweet little notes?" "I do, Miss Gushington, dearly—on toast."

.... Teacher asked of a little boy: "What is a reptile?" "Don't know," said the boy. "Oh, yes, you do, something that crawls." "Oh, a baby."

.... "Isn't that a lovely critter, John?" said Jerry, as they stood opposite the leopard's cage. "Well, yes," said John, "but he's dreadfully trecked, ain't he?"

.... "Here's a fly in my soup, waiter." "Yes, sir; very sorry, sir; but you can throw away the fly and eat the soup, can't you?" "Of course I can; you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"

.... Putting young hopeful through an oral examination in botany: "Where do the apples come from?" "The apple-tree." "And the pears?" "From the pear-tree." "And the figs?" "From the fig-tree." "And the dates?" "From the date-tree."

.... The reporter of a New York daily paper went to see the panorama of "The Progress of the Pilgrim's Progress." On being refused admittance without paying, he said, "Let me see Mr. Bunyan, then; he will let me in."

.... Gus De Brown (who has prolonged his career considerably after 80) says: "So you don't admire men of conservative views, do you, Miss Angel?" "Miss A. (with vivacity): No, indeed. I prefer people who have some go in them."

.... Recent scene in a street car.—Passengers: "A loving couple in one corner, gentlemen in another; male half of loving couple, tenderly hugs and kisses charming partner. Conductor puts his head in doorway and calls name of street—"Sawyer!" "Don't care if you did; we're engaged and going to be married in two weeks; so you needn't tell everybody."

.... An itinerant preacher once breakfasted at a house where Johnny cakes were served. Observing a teacher protruding from his cake, he remarked, "Sister, your Johnny cakes seem to be feathering out." "Yes," responded the lady unabashedly. "I told John no longer ago than yesterday that he must either get a cover for the meal barrel or move the hen roost."

.... "Well, my little man, aren't you barefoot rather early this season?" said a benevolent gentleman to a New Haven youngster. "Guess not. Wuz born barfoot, I wuz." "I declare you wuz; so you wuz. What a pity, what a pity. Well, nature is unkind to the poor really," and he gave the youngster a dime to atone for the neglect of the "mother of us all."

Gems of Thought.

.... He's armed without that's innocent within.—*Pope.*

.... "One swallow and another swallow," is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.—*George Eliot.*

.... Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil.—*Spurgeon.*

.... O Lord! take my heart, for I cannot give it; and when Thou hast it, O! keep it for me, for I cannot keep it for myself, for Jesus Christ's sake.—*Fenelon.*

.... The sweetest word in our language is Love. The greatest word in our language is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three make our greatest and sweetest days.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands—
One absent from home and nation
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens
At the twilight's chill and gloom
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home!

Longfellow.

.... The Cross on which Christ was extended, points in the length of it to heaven and earth, reconciling them together; and in the breadth of it to former and following ages, as being equally salvation to both.—*Leighton.*

.... The grass of the field is better than the cedars of Lebanon. It feeds more, and it rests the eye better; that thymy, daisy-eyed carpet, making earth fair and sweet and home-like. Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world, whereon the sheep of Christ feed quietly beneath the Shepherd's eye.—*Faber.*

.... You have noticed that all evening shadows point to the east where the dawn will appear. So every shadow made by the descending sun of earthly prosperity points with sure prophecy to the better hopes which are kindled by the glowing promises of God.

.... When once the soul is rightly opened toward God, and draws its life from His Spirit, it does not need to go hunting the world for happiness—seeking it in nature, in science, in art, in

